PROXIES: A Vivid Romance

DOUBLE REGENERATION

tions film based on the story by Frank R. Adams, wil lbe released as a Paramount Picture.)

By Jane McLean. ITH some misgiving Peter told Clare the result of his conversation with Mr. Dar-ley. They were both nervous. It seemed that Darley would do

something, but what, neither had the remotest idea. What did he want our address for?" asked Clare.
"I guess we'll have to wait to find out," Peter answered. "And

till we do find out we'd better Clare unrolled the wedding certificate and spread it before him.

"We've always got this," she said.
"Yes, my dear, we have. I'm sorry I couldn't have had a real wedding for you, but that's the best I could do." "Oh, you don't think I care for

the other thing, do you?" she cried, throwing her arms about his neck and kissing him. "No, I don't, present enough for me. Christopher Darley did not waste

Peter. Indeed, he had been busy before. He was fully alive to the possible trouble that faced his butler, and he felt it his duty to see that he won clear.

He catled on the chief of police and explained the situation; the chief was rather skeptical. "You're a human being," said Darley. Here's a chap who told me his story. I gave him the bene-fit of the doubt. I let him stay in

my house, believing he'd keep his And then Mr. Stover jected himself into the scene. some way Peter discovered Mr Stover was using a certain paper to try to blackmail me. I want you to have all the facts." A TRICK.

"That's a pretty strong word," said the chief. "Well, suppose a man came to you and threatened to ruin your business unless you compelled your daughter to marry him, what would you call it?"

"I'd call it a joke," said the chief. "How could Stover ruin your busi-ness? Why, it's as solid as a Gov-"That's what I thought and so it

is. I've refused every effort to make me sell. I could get out at big profit, but I had the small stockholders to consider, and, whether you believe it or not, I regard their interests as my inter-

The chief suddenly evidenced an unusual attention. "I heard you'd had offers to sell," he ventured. "Those offers came from Stover. He's got a minority holding. I said no! So what does he do? Sends an agent to my brother, who's in the middle of Africa, somewhere, and gets him to sign a proxy allowing the voting of his stock. I couldn't

foresee anything like that, could I?" "Oh, so that was the trick, eh?" "That was the trick. That proxy was obtained from a man who'd sign anything without looking. Who'd believe anything anybody told him. It gave Stover the big end of the stick, and he threatened to use it." "You spoke about the small stockholders," said the chief. "Was he planning to look out for them?" "Til leave that to you. They were to get stock in the new trust

and he was to get cash. Now draw your own inferences." The chief whistled under his breath. He knew Stover, but so far he hadn't connected him with manipulations on a big scale.

"I know you can get Mendoza," said Darley. "I can give you my word that I hadn't the faintest idea what he was up to. I'd already told Stover to go ahead; that I'd take my medicine." "But you asked him in to meet

"Yes, after Peter had brought a "Yes, after Peter had brought a false message from my daughter requesting him to remain."
"I get it," said the chief. "Well, like. Durley, you leave this to me. I don't think that young fellow will have snything to fear from the police of this town, but how about your friends? Stover, he's mad right through, Who's going to square him?"

DARLEY PAPPED I might try to do that," said tries. ST to ak I may induce him Leed hour to you," said the chief, dep't mind telling you that I've man tried to be on the level my-

limes tried to be on the lover my lost and most of my spare cash is issested in your stock." Darley smiled as be stepped into his our and directed his chauffour to take him to Stover's office.

That gentleman was busy. Darley cooled his heels in the ante-room and waited. He was smiling when he entered Stover's office. The big man's maneuvers amused him. He did not look up at once, and when he did he appeared surprised.

By Frank R. Adams. "Oh, Darley, what can I do for you?"

"Not a thing, but you may be able to do something for yourself."
"Eh?" Stover's brows contracted. "A while ago you came to me with an offer to sell to the trust."

"It's still good," growled Stover.
"As the holder of a good-sized block of stock," said Darley, "I want your co-operation in a little scheme I am thinking about. I want to re-tire all the preferred stock and let our employes in on our earnings, and to make that effective I want to turn the works into a co-operative

management." "You're crazy, Darley," cried Stover. "In a year the stock won't be worth half its face value." "I disagree," said Darley. won't pay such high dividends of

course, but the institution will be just as sound as ever." "It's a fool scheme," said Stover. "Think it over," Darley answered.

"You'll see it my way before you get through." He left the ex-warden staring as he went out. Stover did some quick thinking. If Darley voted this plan through it would mean increase of stock and lower divdends.

He decided that he'd better sell on the quiet and at once. The re-sult of his action threw his stock on the market. It was mysterious-ly picked up. And all this happened within three days after Peter's tele-

On the morning of the fourth day there was a knock on the door the Mendoza room, and opening it Clare admitted a rough-looking man wearing a fedora hat and smoking a black cigar.

He shut the door behind him and surveyed the pair. "So, here you are, kiddoes," he said, sticking out his jaw. "I thought we'd run you down in time." (To Be Concluded Tomorrow.)

Is Marriage a Success?

MORE TRAINING IN HOME.

I am twenty-two years old. Some time ago I met a man seyen years my senior. In a short time we became very good friends and I soon

found out that I loved him. One day he told me he could not love me as I loved him because he was going with another girl. This girl lived in another city. When I heard this I wanted him to leave me, but he said that we could go together providing no outsider knew

A short time after this he called at my home, and when he left I realized that I could no longer hold up my head and look the world in the

face without feeling guilty.

I went to him and told him what I thought was going to happen in the near future, and it was then I found out his true nature. He told me to do all I could for myself and not to get him into any trouble as he was going to get married on Easter to this other girl. He told me if I would not stop bothering him he would go and tell my mother. When I heard this I became afraid and offered to do anything he asked of

Does any reader think that I am doing right by giving in to this

What about the other girl? Do you think I ought to tell her, or carry my disgrace all through life without any one knowing of it? HEARTBROKEN.

TAKING A CHANCE.

I read W. J. L.'s letter. He said he would give all he had if he could only come home in the evening and have his wife to hug and kiss him. Well, I feel like I am in the same boat he is.

I would give all I had in this world if I had a husband to come home in the evening and kiss me and love me and me alone. My busband works night work all the time. I stay home all the evenings by myself, just pining away. Some of my friends have begged me to go out to dances and run around and enjoy myself, but it's no en-joyment for me without him. I feel like I would be doing wrong to run around, although he has run around with girls, kept steady company with them, has lied to me, has treated me cool lots of times and keeps

me upset nearly all the time. I think most men marry a girl and love her to death as long as the honeymoon lasts, and after that they want to marry again and have another honeymoon. I think a girl is taking a big chance to marry these days. But I guess if I were single I would be fool enough to take another chance. S. E. M.

The chimpanzee and the gorina are born with brains as large as those of a new-born infant, but they do not develop after birth.

The Power of Sight An ADITORIAL THE eye is the motive At the first sign of power of sight. The motor trouble in an audelicate mechanism of the tomobile a repair shop is sought, the trouble inves-

eye controls your vision.
On its perfect working condition good sight depends. Like an ordinary engine, the eye motor wears under stress of con-

tigated and corrected. Your eyes warn of strain or injury. Be as heedful of their danger signals as of a motor that knocks.

Make us your eye repairman. Let us keep your vision perfect by therough care. Begin today.



The Hundred Dollar Question

Edith Livingston, a demobilised war worker, making her home in Washington with Grace and Bob Elisworth, a young married couple, ands employment as secretary to Eustibe Alvares, a Mexican oil stock promoter, in a dingy little office on a side street in the National Capital.

He pays her much attention, gives her a \$500 gold note, after she has discovered him and a Japanese studying a map, and takes her to lunch, She discovers her sweetheart, Willard Saunders, dining with a Spanish girl. She is jealous of the

Spanish girl and her sweetheart is jealous of her employer. Edith becomes suspicious as to what is going on in the office. She is satisfied that no oil stock is being sold, but she cannot guess what her mysterious employer's real

Her employer, after paying her many compliments and swearing her to the utmost secrecy as to what transpires in the office, ex-presses a desire to be introduced to her sweetheart, which amases

Anyway, I do hope I'll be strong when I see Willard. I hope I'll be able to get through the interview without weeping or anything. I'm an awfully weepy sort of person—at times. It doesn't take much to make me turn on the water works. And if Willard begins to pull any sob stuff—any of that returned-prodigal stuff—I'm afraid I'll cave under and begin to cloud up.

But of one thing I'm sure. I don't intend to let Willard think for a minute that little Edy has been sitting around with her finger in her mouth with nothing to do while he has been away. I intend to let him know that Mr. Alvarez has been most attentive. And I intend moreover to arrange for Willard to meet Mr. Alvarez-for two reasons. First. to. And second, to let Willard know that he has nothing on me. That while he has been basking in the sunshine of his black-haired, blackeyed goddess, a black-haired, black-eyed sun-god has been smiling on me.

CHAPTER V. C OMEHOW Willard and I just on't seem to be able to get along any more, not for any length of time. I fear me the time

Advice to Lovelorn

By Beatrice Fairfax.

REMOVE ALL DOUBT. DEAR MISS FAIRFAX:

I am nineteen and am talking to girl about twenty-four. I have going with her about six months. She seems to love me so much that she wants me to call to see her every night. She wants me to marry her in April, 1921. She kept company seven years with another fellow and they were supposed to be married. Instead of marrying her he joined the army

trouble. I love her enough to marry her, but I am undecided whether she would prove true to be or not.

BROKEN HEART. Marry ne woman whom you do not trust absolutely, now and forever. If there is the least doubt in your mind, delay your marriage until all

NOT SO DIFFERENT.

DEAR MISS FAIRFAX: I am twenty, have been in this city about a year, and haven't very

many friends. Although I dress rather well I am not good-looking and when at a dance or in company I can't help but think of my looks, compared to the others. Is it only the good looking girls who have a good time at dances? Is there any way I can overcome this habit of always

brooding over my looks?

My home is in the West, and there it doesn't matter so much whether a girl is pretty or not, is she is nice, but it seems to be quite different

Please, Miss Fairfax, give me any advice you can, through The MONTANA. Times. Sometimes gool-looking girls have

horrid times at dances. So cheer up, and forget your looks, providing you strive to look as well as possible. Cultivate personality. Personality will carry you further and into greater opportunities in the long run than mere good looks could hope to do.

The East is not so different from the West with people who count.

Maryland Cooking

CRAD CROQUETTES.

For a quest of crab make a cupadding two heaping tablespoonfuls of flour and a heaping tablespoonful of butter blended together to a cupful of boiling milk or cream. Season well, adding a little grated nutmer to the sauce. Be sure to have the crab meat well seasoned, too, for the secret of success in these croquettes is the seasoning. Mix all together and drop a spoonful in finely grated bread crumbs then in boiling lard, where it is turned over as quickly as it may be in order to brown the entire surface to prevent the fat from soaking into the croquette. Serve very hot with a little chopped relish on the side of the plate.-Mrs. Percy

BROWN BETTY.

Pers and chop six apples. Place layer of apples in a well buttered baking dish. Next a layer of bread crumbs. Sprinkle with brown sugar and cinnamen, Repeat until the ter and pour sweet milk until it the pan. Bake until brown, and serve with cream sauce.-Mrs. Fred



HE JUST SORT OF GASPED WHEN HE CAME IN AND SAW ME.

is fast approaching when we won' even be on speaking terms. And I can't say that I'll be any too sorry

when that day arrives. As things are now, it keeps me upset and nervous all the time. If I could really and definitely make up my mind never to speak to him or to see him again, it wouldn't be so bad. I could put it all behind me like a bad dream and begin to rebuild my almost blasted life along other lines.

But as long as a woman has any remnant of love in the back part of her head for one man it's a beastly hard job to plan her whole future scheme of things without the said man's intruding his ever-so-unwelcome presence occasionally.

Naturally, it keeps a girl upset. One minute I swear to myself that I'll never see Willard again. And the next minute I wonder if it would be humanly possible. He's gotten to be so much a habit with me, or Of course with these two forces

warring within me all the time It I told Grace as much when she came up to my room the other night

and found me crying. And the most unsolicited information that I'm too young to know what nerves are. DOLLS UP.

And when I complained to Willard that I am developing nerves he said-the unsympathetic brute-"You shouldn't let your temper get the best of you." And there's where the trouble be-

gan.' Or where it was renewed. We really were getting along beautifully. Quite like old friends I refer to the evening when Willard returned to Washington. He telephoned me from the station as soon as he got in-to know if I had re-

When I told him I had, he didn't wait to ask whether he could see me or not, but said he'd be right up. And with that he hung up. I'm not so sure that I would have let him come. But there was nothing else to do under the circumstances. And after he got there, of course, there was nothing to do but see him. Any except conscientious old Grace might have fabricated for me and told him I had a headache or something and couldn't see him. But I knew better than to try to get

Grace to pull that stuff. So I dolled up in all my glory and a new evening dress which I'd paid over fifty dollars for at a sale and had been saving for a special occa-sion. Of course I didn't consider Willard's return to town a special occasion. But I had reasons for

wanting to look my best-naturally. There's such a psychology about clothes. I've always found that when a girl is well dressed she can pretty surely do a double for that philosophical old blacksmith of

This serial story has no name The Washington Times will pay \$100 in gold to the person who submits the best title.

Read the story every day in The Washington Times and. when the last instalment has been printed, send in your suggestions for titles.

three words or less. Story Written By

Longfellow's who "could look the wide world in the face-I don't know how the rest of it goes. But it just occurred to me in this connection. Clothes may not make the man, but you can take it from me they go a long way toward making a woman—at least so far as

GOOD CLOTHES. I remember when I was looking for a job. The mornings that I would get up early and do my hair just right, and get my make-up on just so, and be sure that my gloves were clean and my shoes shinedon those mornings I could have walked into the office—or the sanc-

out with my hair half combed, and the rouge streaked on my face, and my nose shiny, and my heels a bit run over, and they could have been passing around jobs on silver salvers, accompanied by orchid corsages, and I wouldn't have had the

Yes; believe you me, good clothes

evening dress to see Willard. When a woman dresses for battle she doesn't put on a khaki uniform and leather puttees, nor does she buckle a sword around her waist.

She puts on the very best looking clothes she has and for armor she

TOMBOY TAYLOR.

\$100

The title must consist of

Winnie Davis Freeman Copyright by The Washington Times

her conscious self is concerned.

the United States, and asked him for

But just let me get up late and go

and a consciousness that she is well woman's backbone than any amount of lecturing or uplift talk. So, you see why I put on the new

YOU LIKE A large number of persons who are evidently reading this

GO AS FAR AS

nameless serial with avidity, and ntend submitting titles, have asked the question, "How many ittles may I submit?"

In the beginning it was announced that "there will be no

rules or restrictions; everybody except employes of The Wash ington Times will be eligible to compete for the \$100 reward." Therefore, each person may submit as many titles as he or she cares to write.

A hundred or more titles have already been submitted. Many of them are wonderful, but "they don't mean anything" because the story is not yet finished. Titles should not be sent in until the last installment of the serial has been printed.

wears her most adorable smile and her most fascinating manner.
It was thus attired in battle array and all my war paint that I received

Willard.
And I will say for Willard that it was not wasted. He just sort of gasped when he

came in and saw me. Then he took a step backward, and then one forward. In another minute I'm sure he would have had me in his arms. But I willed otherwise. FOOLISH TO QUARREL.

A man's arms are no place for a woman when she has her mind made up to talk plain common sense. So I held out a hand to Willardit did hurt me to treat him so coldly he-he looked so like a hurt child.

"Aren't you—I'm afraid you're not "How absurd!" I answered. "Of course Im glad to see you, Willard." "Then why do you—"he began.
But he didn't finish. For a few
minutes he sat and stared at the floor. Then he went over and stood in front of the big log fireplace and

"Let's have this thing out, Edith," he said. "We're not getting any-where like this. It's foolish for us

to quarrel." "Of course," I answered, nonchalanly, propping my elbow on my knee and my chin on the palm of my hand. "Why should we quar-"But we're going to quarrel if you

continue like this," he answered, and I could see he was growing red around the ears. "You can't assume that attitude with me-"Oh!" I barely breathed the word.

But Willard got my meaning. "Pardon me, Edith," he said. know I shouldn't try to dictate to you. Of course I have no right to even suggest-Why will you quarrel, Willard ?" I asked in the most saccharine tones

I could command. "Come," I moved over on the divan, and motioned for him to sit beside me. "Tell me all about what you've been doing since "No!" He came over and sat beside me. And he took both my hands in

"We're not going to talk about what I've been doing. We're going "Now, don't be melodramatic Willard," I said. "It-really-the role doesn't suit you." FELT GOOD TO CRY.

"I'm not being melodramatic, Edith," he said. I could see that my subtle sarcasm was getting under his skin. "I'm trying to be sensible. Of course-" he squeezed my hands until they hurt, then dropped themor threw them into my lap. course, if you persist in this atti-

Before I knew what was happening he had walked toward the door and was disappearing through it. Then it was that I sent my most pointed dart.

(To Be Continued Tomorrow.)

When a Girl Marries

A Story of EARLY WEDDED LIFE

By ANN LISLE.

my sister-in-law's voice, impatiently. "Just a minute, Jeanie." I called. 'Tony isn't staying to dinner.

He has an engagement in town. And so I thought I'd better call you, or you surely wouldn't want him to leave without a word from you." "No. I wouldn't. Especially as he's waiting for me to assure him of his rights and titles in his new chauffeur," I replied, laughing my

After I'd properly reassured Tony, received the strong clasp of his good left hand and the renewed strength that comes from the steady look of his ice-blue eyes, Virginia sighed regretfully after our depart-

ing guest: "It's a shame he couldn't stay. We're going to have a manless re-Pat telephoned while you were out talking to Tony's chaufnight. He and Tom Mason and Neal have some large affairs on. with whichever wins him in the

toss, Come on, child. We deserted Also we must dine." My relief was great when I was summoned to the telephone and Evvv's voice greeted me.

"Thought I'd run over for a little visit tonight, Anne," she said. lonesome. It is all right with you and the Daltons twain for me to come butting in so soon?"

A FAT BLOND FROG. "Jeanie and I are alone, We'd

"I'm perfectly at home here, you see," I explained. "Evvy wanted to you before saying yes." "That can't be Evvy already, though," she concluded, as the

doorbell pealed through the house, "Shouldn't think so, unless she keeps a pet airplane," I replied. "Mr. Hoadley," announced Hed-wig a moment later. Hard upon her words a man

popped into the room. He looked like a fat blond frog Bulky, broad - shouldered, thick - necked, with a wide head hunched between his shoulders, he managed to preserve some measure of sightliness because his cheeks were clean and rosy and his hair a blond brush. 'Hope there's no offense at my calling. No offense intended. None

at all. Hoadley, of Hoadley's hats, madam," he rumbled, jerking out a bow to Virginia. "Tried to raise you on the telephone all afternoon. Couldn't. Was driving by and thought I'd just drop in and see if nifty folks like you can't be persuaded to hand out a square deal even to a plain man like me.' "My dear sir, what have we to

do with your affairs?" asked Virtherefore most rigid temperature. All uninvitedly Hoadley, of Hoadley's Hats, sank down into a big wing chair, which he completely filled

"Friend of yours, Norreys, stole my chauffeur," he gasped out with a great clearing of his throat. THERE STOOD EVVY. At the word "stole" I tried to interrupt, but Headley, of Headley's Hats, waved me aside with a large gesture precisely suiting the jowal

smile which popped out just then on his wide mouth. "Mr. Hoadley—your name is Hoadley, isn't it?" remarked Vir-

667 TS I-Virginia, Anne," called , ginia, with her most icy hauteur-"I'm not interested in your servant

problems. "I want reparation!" shouted Hoadley, his face purpling. "I want you to tell this man Norreys he's got to release Lyons and let me

ginia final enough to dissolve Congress itself.

But Hoadley sank deeper in his chair and widened his mouth into another smile, while his voice took of an extra gruffness.

"All right! All right! What's a chauffeur or so between friends?" Then I managed to get in my

little speech. "Mr. Hoadley, you've only yourself to blame for losing Lyons," I said severely. "I recommended him to you and gave you permission to telephone Mr. Dalton for further references. But you took advan-tage of my not denying that Mr. Norreys is a friend of ours, and you not only intruded on his privacy, but you insinuated that I was making a cheap boast of his

friendship"-At this point I suffered two interruptions, Max Hoadley, his face drawn and gray! had risen to his feet. At the same moment I felt some one's eyes on mine. I looked

up, and there stood Evvy (To be Continued Thursday.)

Prize Cake Recipes

Washington's Best Submitted in Times Cake Contest. Clip Them.

NUT CAKE.

Creamed together 2 cup mik 1% cups flour, measured after sifting four times Heaping teaspoon baking pow-

Whites of four eggs (beaten stiff) added last Teaspoon vanilla 1 cup chopped walnuts

Bake in slow oven thirty-five ICING. 1 cup sugar

cup water, boiled until it slightly threads Pour slowly in white of egg (beaten stiff) Beat until cold.-Miss Elizabeth B. Wadsworth, 1819 G street north-

VIOLA CAKE, % cup of butter 1 cup of sugar, creamed together

2-3 cup of milk 14 cups of flour. 3 teaspoons Royal Baking Powites of 4 eggs beaten stiff and

edded last. Bake in three layers. FILLING. 1 cup water, when boiling, add cup sugar

1 tablespoonful cornstarch Yolks of 4 eggs When creamy add rind and juice of 1 lemon.-Mrs. H. C. Mead, 7200 Blair road, Takoma Park.

RIGHT ON THE JOB

STRAG SARRATARATARATARATARARARARA

every day, every week, all the year round, with the vim and vigor that come from simple, nourishing foods that are easily digested-foods that do not tax the stomach or poison the intestines - that's the man who eats Shredded Wheat Biscuit. It contains all the body-building material in the whole wheat grain, is easily digested and keeps the intestinal tract clean, healthy and active.

Try this simple, natural diet for a few weeks and see how much better you feel .Two Biscuits with hot milk make a warm, nourishing meal.



